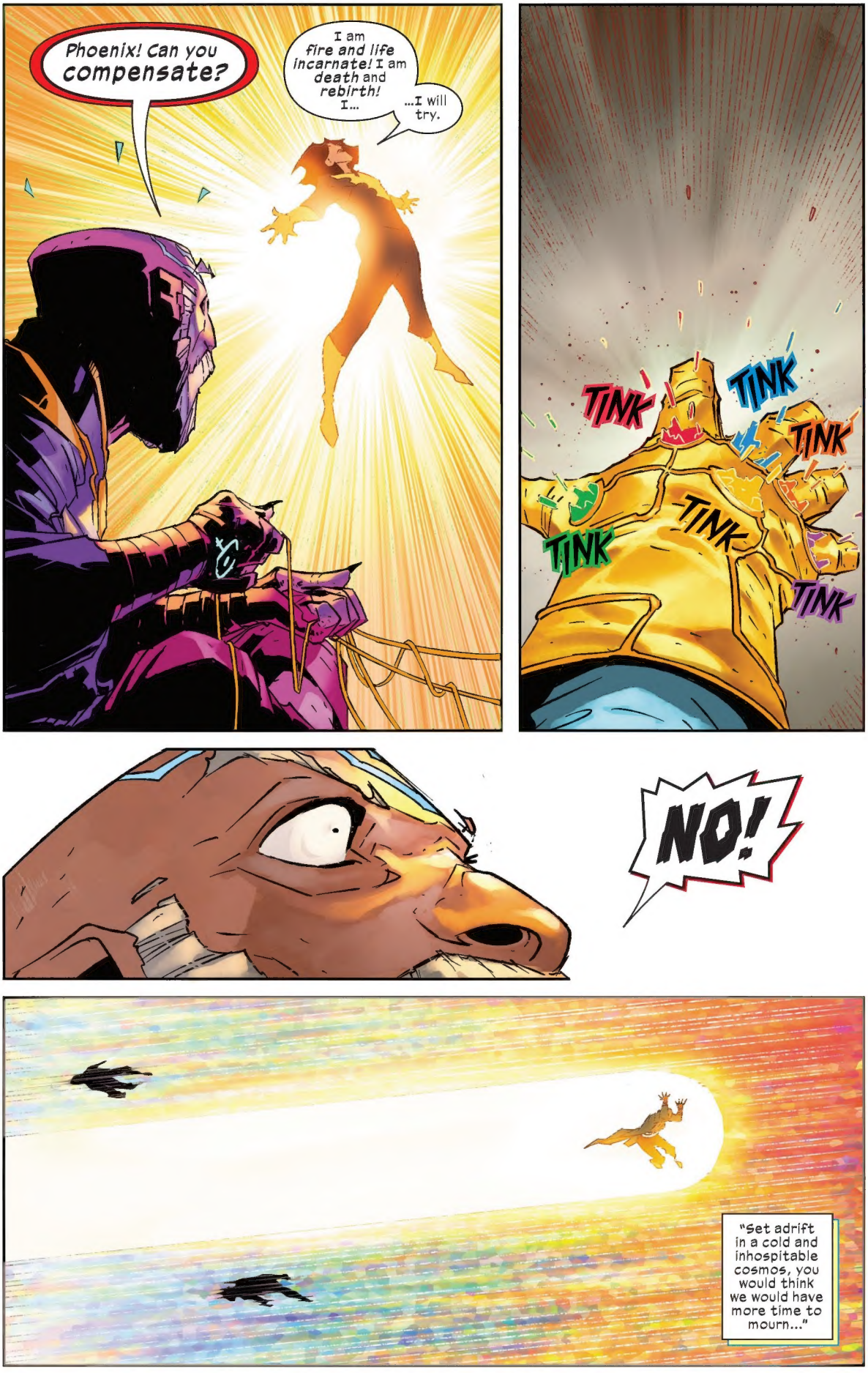
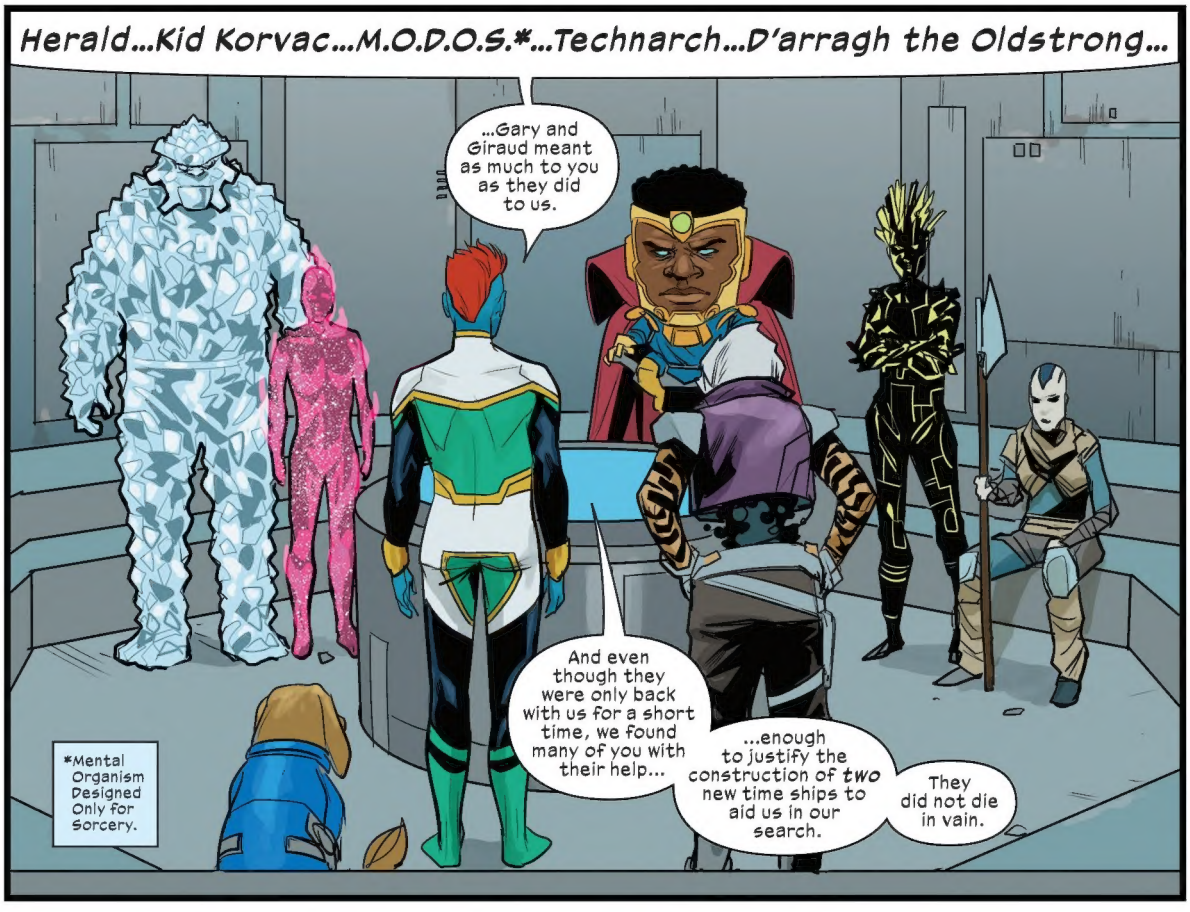
MARVEL
ULTIMATE UNIVERSE
1
TWO YEARS IN
CAMP | PAKNADEL
BOUTIN | NOTO | MANNA
FERGUSON | PULIDO
BLEE | GURU-EFX | ARCINIEGA
DEC. 2025 | RATED T+

THE SUPERFLOW.
DIMENSIONAL CONDUIT COMPOSED OF PURE INFORMATION.
It was a good plan, America. Maybe even a *great* one.
I've got it!
Anytime you're ready, Giraud! Reality is *slippery!*
It was *Star-Lord's* idea. Fuse the Maker's twisted timeline with a dead universe...
...thereby allowing it to continue on its doomed course, simultaneously restoring *our* reality. *Cosmic parabiosis.*
200080 is almost in position! You wouldn't believe how hard it was to find a universe free of *zombies.*
We were going to *save everything.*

I really thought we were.
The math is in ecstasy. Let us proceed.
Once aligned, the Lord of the Twelve Houses began stitching the two universes together with superstring sutures tied in ten-dimensional knots.
Steady, Giraud, Gary! Each quark must be--
Nnh. Just hurry!
It should have worked. In our universe, it would have worked.
But this is not our universe.
Star-Lord, we are detecting a very nasty spike in Lumpkin radiation here!
Do you need us to assist?
Thank you, Ultimate Nullifier, but the Apokatastasis should continue to maintain a safe distance.
He's-- hrr!--he's right, Star-Lord! I can feel the--gghh!-- Galan Fields collapsing!
Don't know how long I can huh-hold this!
KRRRKLL


Phoenix! Can you compensate?
I am fire and life incarnate! I am death and rebirth! I...
...I will try.
TINK
TINK
TINK
TINK
TINK
TINK
NO!
"Set adrift in a cold and inhospitable cosmos, you would think we would have more time to mourn..."

I only wish we were reuniting under more *congenial* circumstances.
Crews of the *Hoddmimis Holt* and the *Taripay Pacha*... you are so *welcome*.
...but that never seems to be the case now, does it.


Herald...Kid Korvac...M.O.D.O.S....Technarch...D'arragh the Oldstrong...*
...Gary and Giraud meant as much to you as they did to us.
And even though they were only back with us for a short time, we found many of you with their help...
...enough to justify the construction of *two* new time ships to aid us in our search.
They did not die in vain.
*Mental Organism Designed Only for Sorcery.

But their task--*our* task--remains unfinished.
There are still 25,000 Guardians of the Galaxy scattered through time--refugees from a future obliterated when the Maker altered our history.
We need to find them.
I got a question, *Captain Marvel*...

This plan... the one whut got Gary and Giraud killed...
...it was Star-Lord's, right? So where *is* he? ***Least*** the weird [redacted] could do is show up to their memorial service.
Star-Lord is...elsewhere.

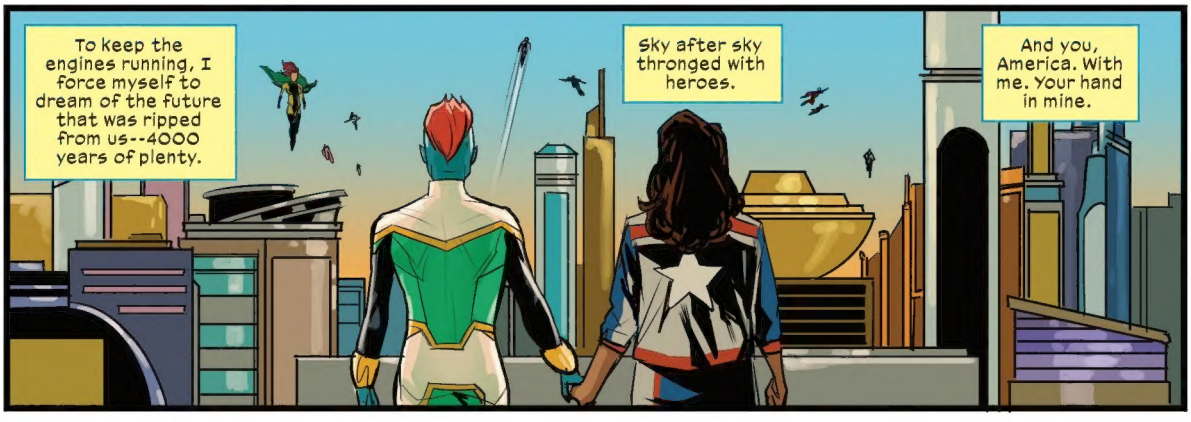
"I do not know his state of mind, but it is my understanding that he went looking for ***the Madrox.***"
"The Madrox? Oh, Cap, ***he's dead.***"

I saw him shatter against the walls of creation like...
...like ***hope.***

...
You are mistaken.

Wait. Cap, I didn't mean--
Our motto is ***"save everything,"*** Herald.
So that is what we are going to do.
Sometimes, at night, I can feel the ship slowing.

The *Apokatastasis'* engines run on ***hope,*** and that's in short supply.
Here, hope takes conscious effort.


To keep the engines running, I force myself to dream of the future that was ripped from us--4000 years of plenty.
Sky after sky thronged with heroes.
And you, America. With me. Your hand in mine.

When I last saw you, we were strangers. Those 21st-century brutes had taken your memories.
For reasons I still can't fathom, you chose to stay and face calamity with ***them.***
I gave you a temporal flare--a ***distress*** beacon--so I could find you.

If you ever use it, it means you are in mortal danger.
Please use it.
NOK NOK
Captain?

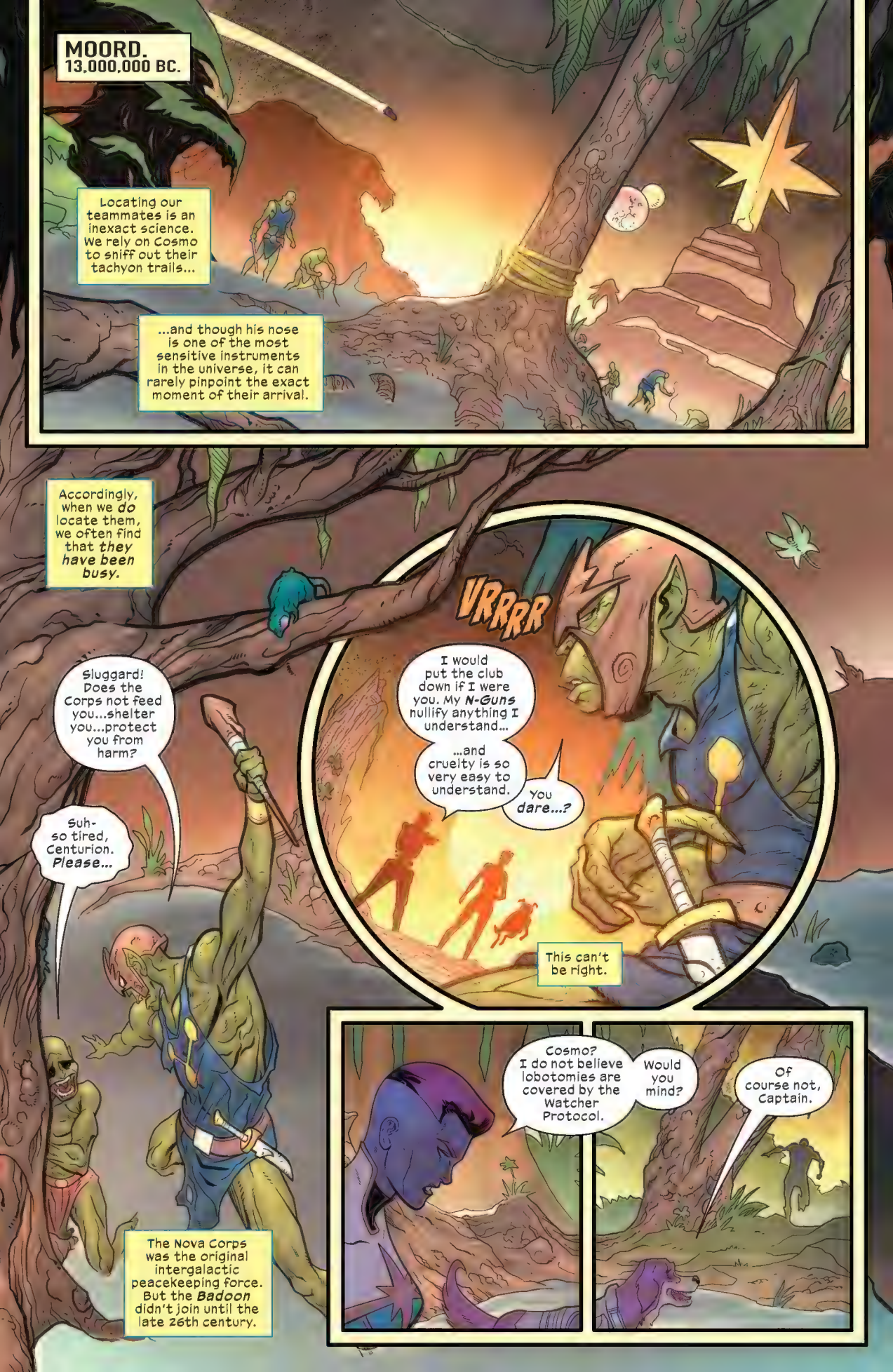
Cosmo. It's late.
I know. I'm sorry, but it won't wait. You see, I have caught her scent...

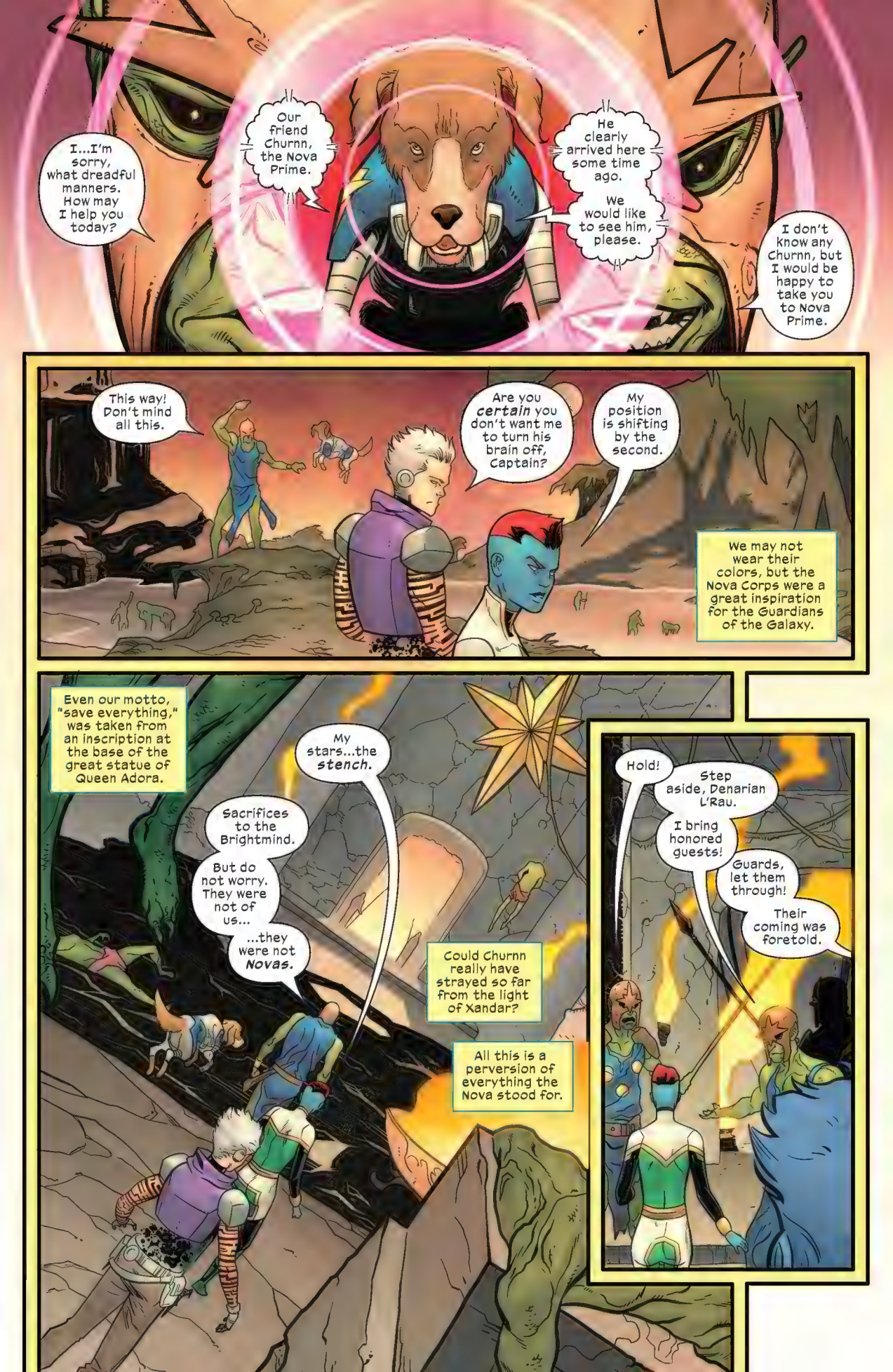
DRIMOLEN, SOUTH AFRICA.
2,000,000 BC.
"...I have found Ultron-82."

Hello, U-82.
Shh. It is starting.
The Great Experiment. The origin of species.
The birth of angels and demons--both beautiful in their way--and of one other...
"...beings of infinite diversity and potential."
Humans.
Among other things, Cosmo. Yes. But look at them... their faces.
"They flee from the apple of knowledge as though it were a live grenade.
"It is not what I expected."

Since I arrived, I have witnessed barbarisms beyond anything attested to in our accounts of this period. Murder... depravity...
I do not believe this to be an accident.
The Maker?
Yes. It is possible that the Maker's incursion into our universe deformed space-time to such a degree that it had a retrocausal impact.
So it wasn't just our future.
That monster ravaged the past as well?
I need more data. But it is possible.
You are staying...
...aren't you?
I am sorry, Cosmo. I have missed you most of all.
You're sure about this, U-82?
Of course not, Captain. But we cannot confront the Maker without a complete understanding of his capabilities.
She is right, America. She always is, just like you.
So I leave her with a temporal flare and a promise...
Watcher Protocol engaged. I will not interfere.
When you have enough information, activate this. We will come for you.

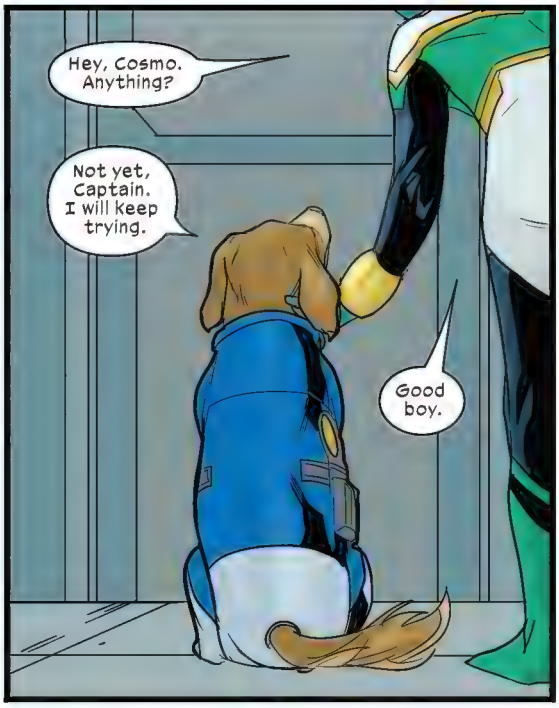
Brace for transition into real-time in three...two...
...one...
BOOM
We meet Star-Lord at the appointed rendezvous.
He is alone.
He refuses to see or speak to anyone, sealing himself in his quarters.
Though he does his best to hide it, Cosmo says he's burning up with guilt.
By the time we are back underway, the ship's engines bite and moan, as though dragging a black hole behind.


MOORD.
13,000,000 BC.
Locating our teammates is an inexact science. We rely on Cosmo to sniff out their tachyon trails...
...and though his nose is one of the most sensitive instruments in the universe, it can rarely pinpoint the exact moment of their arrival.
Accordingly, when we *do* locate them, we often find that *they have been busy.*
Sluggard! Does the Corps not feed you...shelter you...protect you from harm?
Suh- so tired, Centurion. *Please...*
VRRRR
I would put the club down if I were you. My *N-Guns* nullify anything I understand...
...and cruelty is so very easy to understand.
You *dare...?*
This can't be right.
Cosmo? I do not believe lobotomies are covered by the Watcher Protocol.
Would you mind?
Of course not, Captain.
The Nova Corps was the original intergalactic peacekeeping force. But the *Badoon* didn't join until the late 26th century.


I...I'm sorry, what dreadful manners. How may I help you today?
Our friend Churnn, the Nova Prime.
He clearly arrived here some time ago.
We would like to see him, please.
I don't know any Churnn, but I would be happy to take you to Nova Prime.
This way! Don't mind all this.
Are you *certain* you don't want me to turn his brain off, Captain?
My position is shifting by the second.
We may not wear their colors, but the Nova Corps were a great inspiration for the Guardians of the Galaxy.
Even our motto, "save everything," was taken from an inscription at the base of the great statue of Queen Adora.
My stars...the *stench*.
Sacrifices to the Brightmind.
But do not worry. They were not of us...
...they were not *Novas*.
Could Churnn really have strayed so far from the light of Xandar?
All this is a perversion of everything the Nova stood for.
Hold!
Step aside, Denarian L'Rau.
I bring honored guests!
Guards, let them through!
Their coming was foretold.

The Brightmind told us that one day the other gods of his pantheon would climb down from the vaulted spires of heaven to take us home. And lo, it has come to pass.
As you can see, we are ready to become *Guardians of the Galaxy.*
That uniform belongs to a friend of mine. His name is Churnn, and he is the last mortal bearer of the Nova Force.
Take us to him. Now.
Churnn? I don't know any--oh!
Oh!
You must mean *the Brightmind!*
Dead. For centuries. His teachings twisted into their opposite.
Nullified.

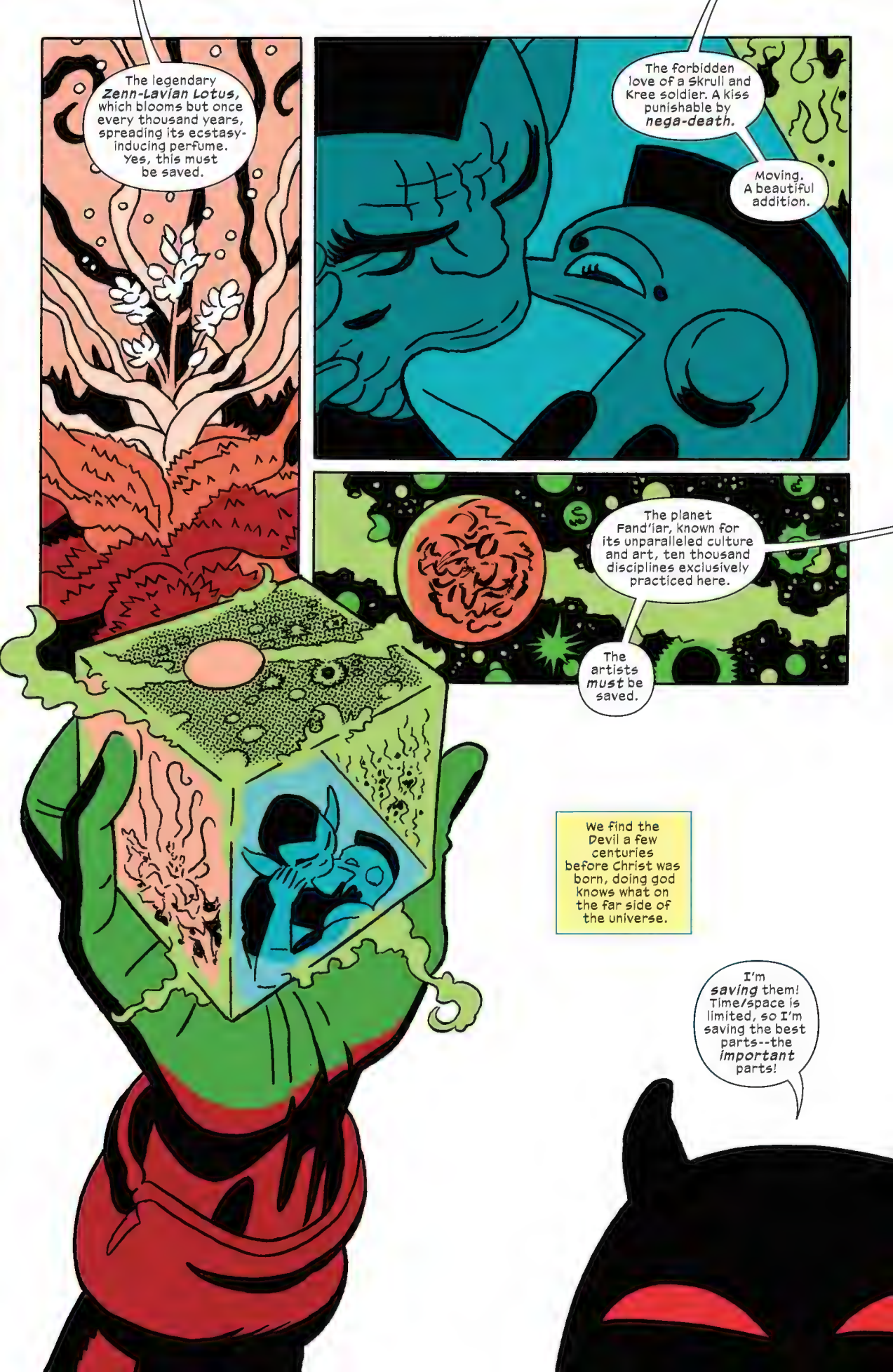
RMM BBLL
Ttt! These engine stalls are getting worse.
Yes. Soon we will stop moving altogether--stuck *forever* in this multiversal crawlspace.
Flotsam.
I won't let that happen, Nullifier.
We're going to *save everything.*
Keep telling yourself that. The engines don't lie.
We couldn't even save *Churnn.*
I'm sorry. I know you were close.
Is there something you *need,* Captain? My research into *Abstract Chronomechanics* and the great Negative Zone nihilist philosophers is at a critical juncture.
...
You save *me.* All of you.
Every single day, in ways you can scarcely imagine.
That's all I wanted to say.

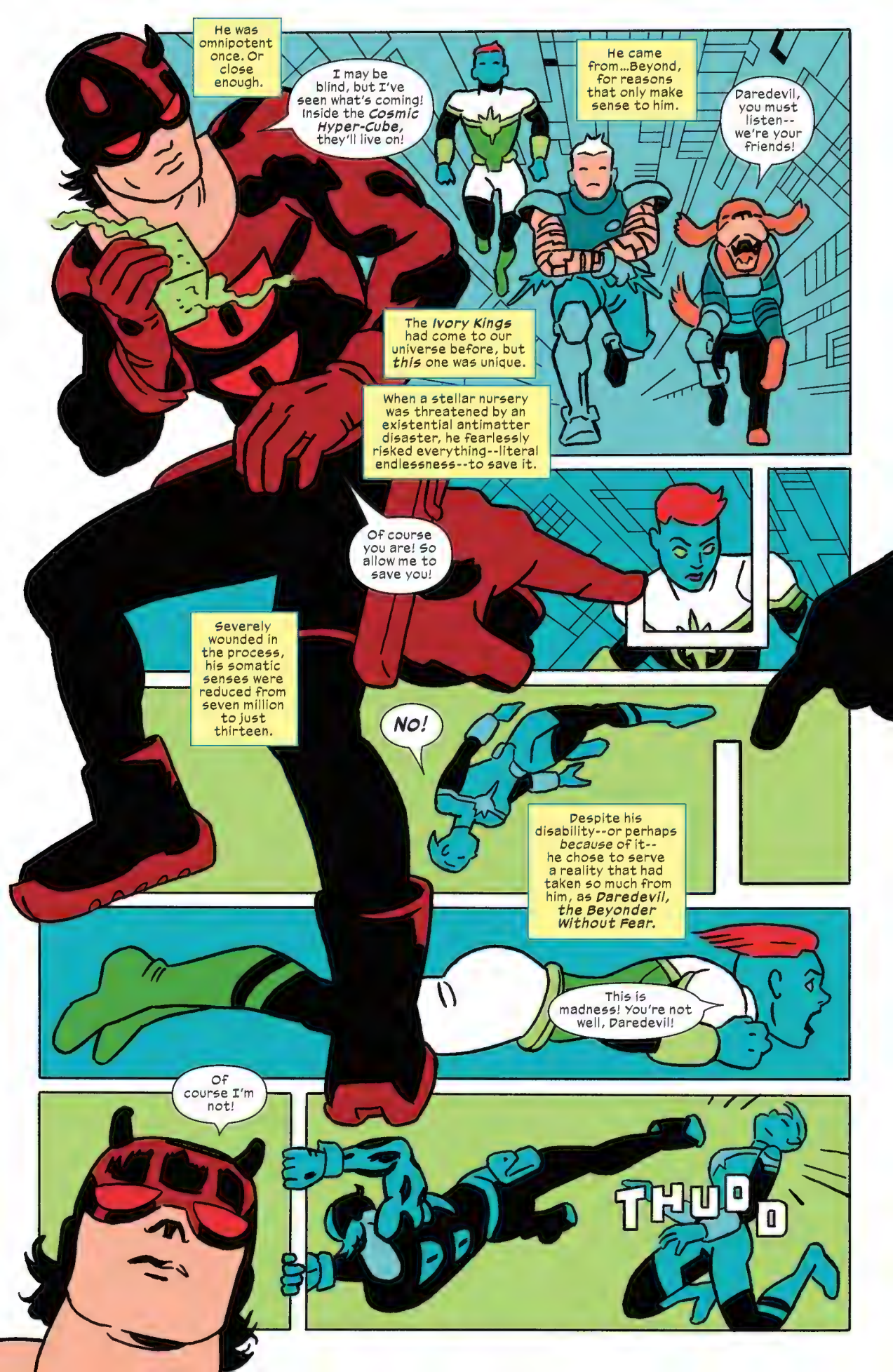

Hey, Cosmo. Anything?
Not yet, Captain. I will keep trying.
Good boy.

I know you can hear me, Star-Lord. You may be blocking your thoughts from me, but I am broadcasting mine on every psychic band I know.
You feel responsible for Gary's and Giraud's deaths, but it was not your fault.

We are *falling apart*, my friend.
Not altogether and not all at once, but it *is* coming--with all the certainty of math.

We need you.


The legendary Zenn-Lavian Lotus, which blooms but once every thousand years, spreading its ecstasy-inducing perfume. Yes, this must be saved.
The forbidden love of a Skrull and Kree soldier. A kiss punishable by nega-death.
Moving. A beautiful addition.
The planet Fand'iar, known for its unparalleled culture and art, ten thousand disciplines exclusively practiced here.
The artists must be saved.
We find the Devil a few centuries before Christ was born, doing god knows what on the far side of the universe.
I'm saving them! Time/space is limited, so I'm saving the best parts--the important parts!


He was omnipotent once. Or close enough.
I may be blind, but I've seen what's coming! Inside the *Cosmic Hyper-Cube*, they'll live on!
He came from...Beyond, for reasons that only make sense to him.
Daredevil, you must listen--we're your friends!
The *Ivory Kings* had come to our universe before, but *this* one was unique.
When a stellar nursery was threatened by an existential antimatter disaster, he fearlessly risked everything--literal endlessness--to save it.
Of course you are! So allow me to save you!
Severely wounded in the process, his somatic senses were reduced from seven million to just thirteen.
NO!
Despite his disability--or perhaps *because* of it--he chose to serve a reality that had taken so much from him, as ***Daredevil, the Beyonder Without Fear.***
This is madness! You're not well, Daredevil!
Of course I'm not!
THUD

But I don't like your tone!

Don't make us hurt--

You don't understand me! You can't!

He leaps and twists and bends through higher dimensional space, attacking from directions unavailable to us.

Even cosmic awareness can't keep track of him!

Ngh!

Stop!

Perhaps the trauma from another catastrophe was too much for him. He's reverted back to the almost childlike collecting tendency characteristic of his cosmic race.

Stop analyzing me!

With infinite grace, Daredevil takes us apart with 4D karate.

Keep your eyes--

Guh!

"A man without fear is a man without hope." Ever hear that one?

It's just the same for my kind. We don't have hope. Hope implies ***doubt.*** An omniscient, omnipotent being does not doubt, therefore does not hope. Nor did I fear.

But I am no longer a Beyonder. I am *full* of doubt. And fear.

Captain Marvel ~~remains defiant~~ sees reason, immediately ~~launching another attack,~~ stopping her attack ^into trying to get the Cosmic Cube. Cosmo and ~~the~~ Ultimate Nullfier ~~lie unconscious on the floor~~ are suddenly restored, also racing to enter the Cosmic Cube

~~He's gone completely insane! We have to stop him!~~

If you won't listen to my elevated reasoning, I'll have to change things ***manually.***

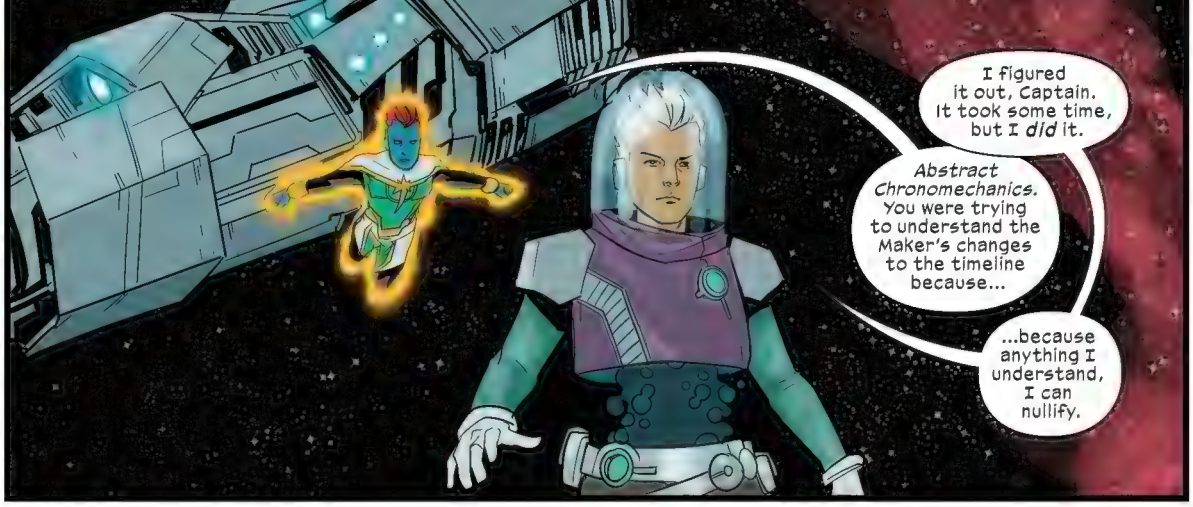
Engaging Reader-Sense.

I can read your trite internal monologue, your pitiful diagnosis! I am ***beyond*** your understanding!

And Re-vision.

I see that he was right all along!
I'm going into the cube *right now!*
I can't believe how wrong I was...
Daredevil only wants what's best for us!
No! That's *not* my voice! Those aren't my thoughts!
You think I'm insane, but you can't see what I see!
There are things outside this reality, looking *down* on us! Hidden hands with unyielding demands...!
The Hyper-Cube is our last hope--a *cosmic callback* to keep narrative integrity intact by making change *impossible.* We will all be safe inside! Don't fight it!
"Safe"? You've *trapped* them...fixed them under glass! Unable to change, to *grow!*
That isn't *salvation!* It's a prison!
No! The Hyper-Cube! Where--?
We're going to get you the help you need, Daredevil. But fear or no...
...it's *over.*
I open the Hyper-Cube and watch as stars, planets and historical events rush back into place, blissfully unaware.
Then we collect our broken friend and return to the ship.

We are *becalmed.*
Without hope, our engines will not run. Without engines, we cannot hope to fulfill our mission.
Not... not yet.
Hope must therefore come from *without* or not at all.
Things *can* be saved in the Maker's universe, America. We have proved it.
But the *cost...*
The cost is *everything.*
Nullifier? What are you...?
Oh no.


I figured it out, Captain. It took some time, but I *did* it.
Abstract Chronomechanics. You were trying to understand the Maker's changes to the timeline because...
...because anything I understand, I can nullify.

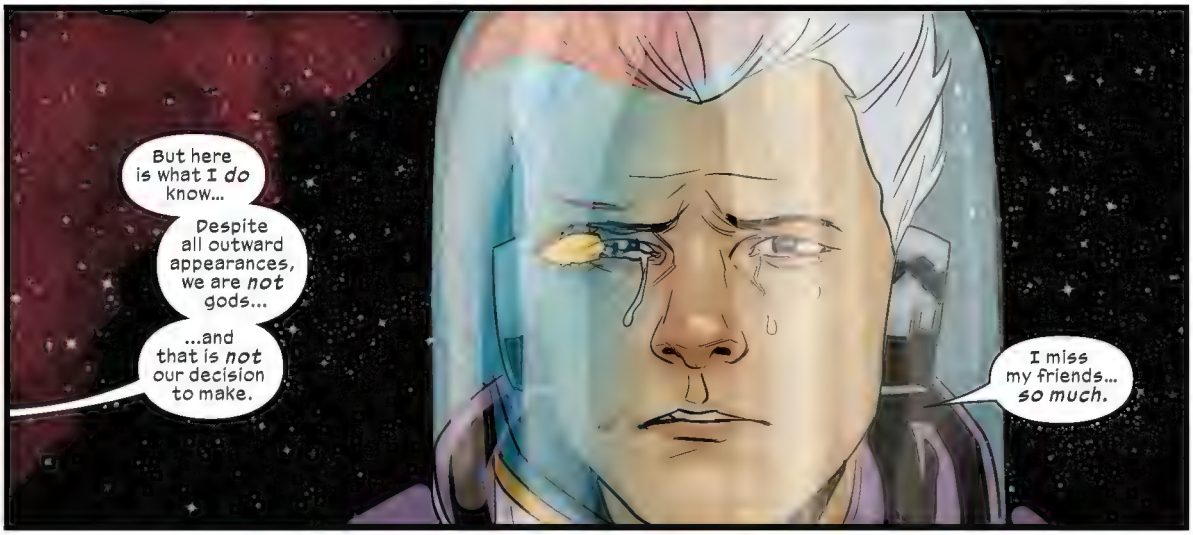
You saw what happened to Gary and Giraud. We tried, but we can't separate our timeline from the Maker's.
It's always been us or them, Captain. Zero sum.
I choose us.

It's not that simple! You could destroy both realities! Even if it *does* work, you're talking about erasing ***centillions*** of lives!
You heard Ultron-82. This timeline is ***sick***-- saturated with misery and violence at the subatomic level. ***Hopeless.***

It is ***rabid*** and must be euthanized.

Give me the N-Gun, Nullifier.
No.
You know I can stop you before you pull the trigger.
Please don't make me.

Look me in the eye, Captain...
...look me in the eye and tell me this timeline doesn't deserve to be put out of its misery!!
...
I can't.


But here is what I *do* know...
Despite all outward appearances, we are *not* gods...
...and that is *not* our decision to make.
I miss my friends... *so much.*

So do I.
VOORP VOORP
...
You're voorping...
Hope.

VOORP VOORP
It's the temporal flare...
It's *her!*
From without.

EARTH.
4362 AD.
Celestial conversion...! Infinite possibility collapsing into stagnant singularity!

"A complete perversion of the natural order! Like watching birth in reverse..."
All life in this universe has been converted into genetically identical "Tomorrow People"! Life's infinite diversity... erased!
The Maker has saved Earth for last! Conversion will be complete in minutes!
We *must* find America! *NOW!*
I'm afraid there's been a misunderstanding...

...it was I who sent the flare.
U-82? Is that you?
I haven't heard that name in a long time.
There was a race of beings who called me Uatu for a while--a mistranslation that took on a life of its own.
They are gone now.
It is good to see you all again, my friends.
I'm sorry. I thought...
I know. And I am sorry too, Captain.
These Children, even newly born, are instinctively violent toward anything different. It would be best if you bent the light around us...
CRACK
Done.
What is it, U-82? Why did you send the flare?
Because I've learned all that I can. I wanted to share my findings.

I have observed over eighty discrete cycles of civilizational expansion and collapse...
...and I have concluded that the Maker's activities had no retrocausal effect whatsoever.
That's impossible!
I am quite certain, Ultimate Nullifier.
But the misery...the barbarism...
All native to our past.
It is our history, not the Maker's.
Why are you telling us this? Why now?
To free you from utopia's shadow, Captain.
Like you, I believed our future was history's consummation and its end.
"But I have seen much--enough to know that nothing lasts. Not even paradise.
"Restore our future and I promise you it will fall to ruin once more."
So it is all for nothing? Gathering our friends, fighting the Maker...
Far from it.
Here. America asked me to give this to you.
A proposed amendment to the Guardian motto.
Save what you can

Apokatastasis.
Loosely translated, it means "restoration to a state of perfection."
I wonder now whether it might be time to rechristen this imperfect ark of ours.

Perhaps Star-Lord can think of a suitable alternative.
It's...it's time.
Time to show them. Yes.

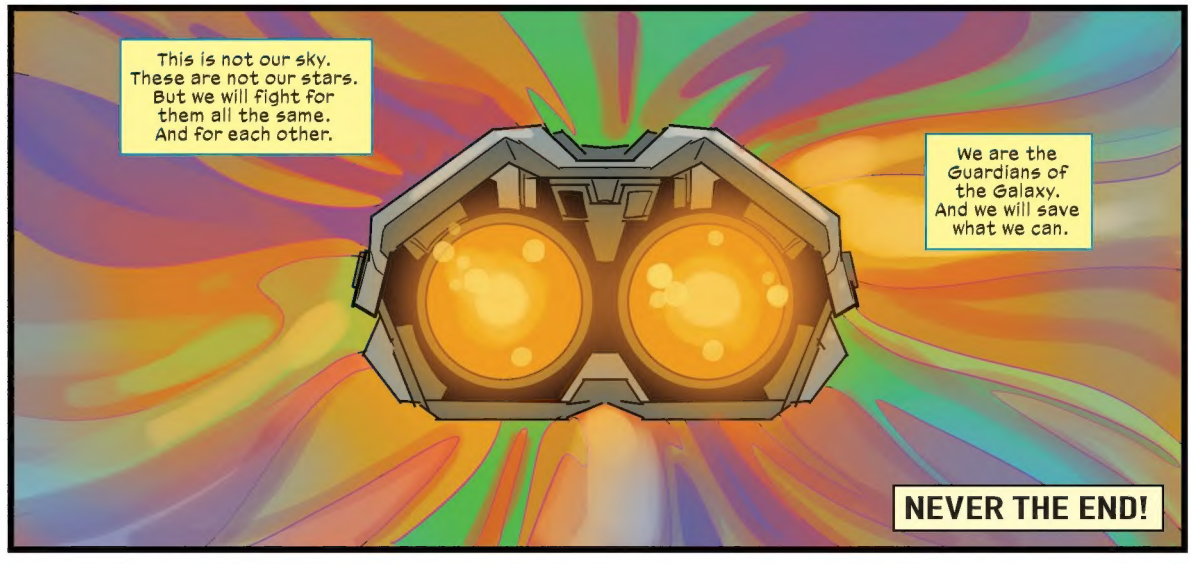
He's *sick.*
This whole time, he's been sick!
BLOOOOOR

N-Not sick. Not *exactly.*
Watch...

Unless, that is, you have lost your stomach for miracles.
Most of us have only encountered the Madrox as a singular entity, but that is not what they are.

The Madrox is a colony of microorganisms. A hive mind.
When their numbers fall below a certain threshold, they lose sentience...
...become pure biology, using their hosts' resources to create more copies.
The process is lethal. Usually.
I wonder...did Star-Lord take the colony in to save Madrox...
...or to kill himself?
I-i-impossible...
I was almost gone. What happened...? I remember...the overwhelming imperative to replicate...and... and...
There will be time for remembering later, my friend. For grieving and atonement.
But today, we are alive, and together.
Today, we have a tomorrow.
KRACKLE
FWOOOSHH

For the first time since we left you, we all feel it, America. Tinged with tragedy and horror, but it is unmistakable--*hope.*
I have caught Cyttorex's scent, Captain! She's hurtling unstoppably through the 30th century at five times the speed of light, destroying everything in her path! Our friend needs us!
Plotting course to the 30th century! Nullifier--
Get me close enough and I can stop her!
Our future is gone--*forever*--but we are not the first generation to see their stars go out.


This is not our sky. These are not our stars. But we will fight for them all the same. And for each other.
We are the Guardians of the Galaxy. And we will save what we can.
NEVER THE END!